

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII, NO. 5023

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1901,

PRICE 2 CENTS

## A BIG BUNDLE FOR LITTLE MONEY

Is what you get when you buy your Suit or Overcoat here. Great stocks of choice garments to select from. Nothing here but what we guarantee, and we guarantee only that which we know is right.

Good Suits and Overcoats, - \$7.50 to \$10.00  
Best Suits and Overcoats, - \$12.00 to \$20.00

BETTER THAN MANY. EQUAL TO ANY.

## Henry Peyser & Son.

## MORRILL'S TREE INK

For Canker Worms---Should Be Applied Now.

## A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

## TAKE NOTICE.

NOW is the time to bring in your Harnesses and get them Cleaned and Oiled for the Spring Business.

## JOHN S. TILTON'S

Congress Street.

## HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

## Gray & Prime Buy Now

DELIVER

## COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St.

Telephone 2-4.

We just received a new lot of

Supplies of all descriptions, Milk Wagon, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Carriages, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if not want to buy.

## THOMAS McCUE.

Stone Stable, -- Fleet Street

ATTENDED THE BALL.

Sixty or more members of Portsmouth society went over to the navy yard on Saturday evening to attend a ball given in the ordnance building by the officers of the marine corps. It proved a very pleasant occasion for all concerned. Some of the toilettes were of more than ordinary elaboration.

## ANOTHER CRIME.

### May Be Charged To Edward Graffam.

### Startling Statement Comes From A Tramp In Saco.

### Sheriff Pearson Of Portland Will Investigate The Matter This Morning.

SACO, Me., March 17.—A startling statement was made today by Isaac Richards, a tramp, who applied at the police station for lodging last night, which, if true, places another crime at the door of Edward Graffam, now in Portland jail for the murder of Clifford Mosher in Gorham, N. H., early in the winter, and clears the mystery that has been surrounding the death of Byron G. Coburn, whose body was found beside the road in Gorham several years ago. Richards says that several years ago he and Graffam went tramping together and shortly after the Coburn murder, Graffam confessed that he did it. When asked what motive Graffam said he had for the crime, Richards replied, "For his money." This is all he would say about it. This statement of Richards was made to an Associated Press correspondent in the presence of two police officers. Sheriff Pearson of Portland has been notified of it and will interview the tramp tomorrow morning. At the time Coburn was found dead, it was thought that Graffam knew something about it, but no evidence has ever been brought against him.

### GENERAL HARRISON'S FUNERAL.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 17.—Surrounded by about fifteen thousand of his fellow citizens, the body of General Benjamin Harrison was buried this afternoon in the family lot in Crown Hill cemetery. Close by the grave were assembled the family, President McKinley and other distinguished men and close friends of General Harrison. Fifty yards back, behind ropes guarded by policemen, stood a great multitude with uncovered heads. The services at the church and the grave were simple in the extreme. Everything was in excellent taste and there was an utter absence of any friction. At the house, Rev. Dr. Haines read a short passage of scripture and delivered a short eulogy, as did Rev. Dr. Nicol, of St. Luke's. The service closed with a brief prayer by Rev. Dr. Haines. From the house the body was borne to the church and while the carriages were discharging the occupants at the church door, a fire engine came down the street at top speed directly toward the crowd. The people made wild rushes in every direction, to avoid the danger, but the driver showed great skill in handling his horses and nobody was injured. President McKinley was half way between the sidewalk and the church when the commotion attracted his attention. He stopped with anxiety on his face, until the stir was over, and then resumed his walk to the church. The services in the church were conducted by Rev. Drs. Haines and Nicol, and the singing consisted of hymns by the choir and a baritone solo in which the choir joined in the chorus.

### A DISASTROUS PASSAGE.

NEW YORK, March 17.—The steamship New York arrived at her dock at ten o'clock tonight, after a passage during which the explosion of an ammonia tank and the breaking of a shaft caused loss of life and considerable damage. Fifteen men were overcome by the fumes of the ammonia on Thursday morning and two deaths resulted. The victims were John Kent, a steward, and Carl Eggkvist, an American citizen who was a steerage passenger. S. Colston, another steward, is still suffering with inflammation of the lungs and was taken to a hospital.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday, winds becoming east, fresh to brisk on the coast; Tuesday probably fair.

### DOINGS IN CHINA.

#### The Mask Thrown Off.

LONDON, March 18, 2.00 A. M.—Dr. Morrison, writing to the Times from Peking, says: "Russia, by refusing to support the powers in their demand for the punishment of the guilty officials, has finally thrown off the mask. Her plea for leniency is hardly serious, coming from a power whose troops have been guilty of reprisals upon the Chinese scarcely less ferocious than the times of the Boxers. Russia's action is a glaring violation of the principles of justice and of the obligations which she has assumed by her treaty with China."

### Li Hung Chang's Health.

PEKIN, March 17.—The health of Li Hung Chang is again a matter of grave consideration with the foreign ministers. Mr. Rockhill, who visited him yesterday, says that he is a physical wreck and seems in a state of utter collapse, although mentally as brilliant as ever. Mr. Rockhill would not be surprised to learn of his death at any time. The removal of Li Hung Chang, by sickness or at any other cause, would be very unfortunate as just this time.

### HE IS WILLING TO RACE.

NEW YORK, March 17.—John J. Scanlon, owner of The Abbot, has issued an answer to Thomas W. Lawson's proposition to race Boralma against The Abbot. Mr. Scanlon says: "In reply, I will accept the proposition, if the owner of Boralma will eliminate the unheard of and unusual condition that the added money shall go to some Boston charity, to be designated by him, whether his horse wins or not. I am a New Yorker and if The Abbot should win, I should prefer giving the money to a New York charity or having some voice in its disposition. If the owner of Boralma honestly wants a race, I am ready to meet him on the usual sportsmanlike terms, with no restrictions whatever, for \$25,000—\$10,000 to be posted now, \$5,000 on July 1st and \$10,000 on the night before the race—all to be defaulted by the horse that fails to appear on the track. The race shall take place in September, on the track offering the best inducements, the winner to take all proceeds outside the stake."

### PROBABLY TOOK POISON.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 17.—Edward Matthieu of North Lawrence, Mass., died here this afternoon at the home of Louis Portier, under circumstances which indicate that he had taken poison. Matthieu came here on Friday, had been under the influence of liquor and was sick. This morning a doctor was sent for and left him some tablets. Later Matthieu was found dead in bed. The coroner will determine tomorrow morning if an inquest is necessary.

### A FIREMAN KILLED.

PITTSBURG, March 17.—During a fire here today, one fireman lost his life and three others were badly hurt. The property loss is fully \$250,000. The Exposition building was partly destroyed, entailing a loss of about \$100,000, and the other sufferers are Hiram V. French, hairfelt factory, and Gallagher & Bunker and Henry Hank, lumber dealers.

### EDITOR DONAHUE DEAD.

BOSTON, March 18th.—Patrick Donahue, best known as the editor of the Boston Pilot, and who reached the nineteenth anniversary of his birth yesterday, died at one o'clock this morning. He passed into a comatose state last Friday and had since been practically unconscious, with occasional few moments of sensibility.

### DE WET'S COMMANDO DISSOLVES.

CAPE TOWN, March 17.—De Wet's commando has broken up at Senekal, in the Orange River colony.

### WAY DOWN EAST.

Those who have seen The Old Homestead and Shore Acres pronounce Way Down East, a play of a higher standard. The same production of this famous drama, that for an entire two seasons enthralled New York, is to be given a return date at Music hall Wednesday evening, March 20th. It is said to possess all the elements of enduring popularity, appeals to all classes and both sexes. It will be given with a strong company, complete scenery and some of the most novel mechanical effects ever seen on any stage.

### YORK COUNTY FINANCES.

#### Figures of Interest to Citizens of Kittery, York and Eliot in the Statement.

The financial statement of York county for 1900 has just been issued, according to law, in a very neatly printed report from the press of the Biddeford Journal. The following figures of interest to Herald readers in Kittery, York and Eliot have been selected:

The tax is apportioned in the three towns as follows: Kittery, \$905.13; York, \$1,944.24; Eliot, \$564.44. Costs of justice: Kittery, \$8.38; York, \$51.71; G. W. S. Putnam, York, two liquor warrants, \$5.74; all other warrants, \$25.39.

The only county officer for the year is S. W. Jenkins of York Corner, who is one of the county commissioners.

### CHARMING BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Marguerite, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar D. Stoddard, Haverford street, celebrated the eighth anniversary of her birth, on Saturday, by entertaining about a score of her friends at her home. The anniversary proper does not arrive until today, but as Saturday was a school holiday for the young folks, it was selected for the party.

The hostess was the recipient of many valuable remembrances. Various games were played and a fine supper was served that comprised many dainties. The centerpiece of the table was a beautiful birthday cake.

Among those present were the following: Blanche Fisher, Dorothea Perry, Florence Ward, Gretchen Hett, Guida Hopkins, Emma and Beatrice Hartford, Marie Brewster, Marie Philbrick, Barbara Flanagan, Ada Muchmore, Dorothy Bell, Mignon Tucker, Helen Tucker, May Meloon.

### Hoyt's A Bunch of Keys at Music hall tonight.

### SPECIAL MEETING.

A special meeting of East Rockingham Pomona grange will be held with Hampton Falls grange Wednesday, beginning at 10 a. m., when the fifth degree will be worked and action will be taken in regard to the annual field meet, which is to occur at Hampton beach on July 31.

The public session will begin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to which all are cordially invited. There will be an address by Professor Burket of New Hampshire college, and a discussion of "Why Do You Favor the Introduction of Nature? Studies Into Our Public Schools, and What Can We Do to Secure It?" by Prof. George N. Cross of the Robinson seminary, Exeter, and other prominent speakers.

Four lady members will debate the question "Resolved, That success depends more upon character than upon conditions." The exercises will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

### Second Time on Earth

#### No Boils Nor Carbuncles Now—A Good Blood Medicine.

"I became convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla when I took it myself as a blood purifier. So, when my husband had boils and carbuncles I urged him to take Hood's and the result was that when he had used but one bottle the boils had nearly all disappeared. He continued the use of the medicine and after taking two bottles he was completely cured, and, as he expressed it, felt as if he was on earth for the second time. He has never had any boils since. We take Hood's as a spring medicine and gladly recommend it." Mrs. A. E. STRAY, Yonkers, N. Y.

Scrofula from Birth. "I have found Hood's to be the greatest blood purifier I ever took, and I have tried many medicines. I was a sufferer with scrofula from birth. My eyes were so badly affected I would be almost blind for a week at a time. My neck began to swell so that I could not breathe freely. Medicines failed to do me any good until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today I have excellent health and my eyes give me very little trouble. I owe it all to Hood's, which I recommend to all suffering from any disease of the blood." Miss KETTING, McGuire, Silver Creek, Ky.

That Tired Feeling. "I cannot say too much for Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for that tired and worn out feeling one has in the spring. As a strength builder and appetite creator it has no equal." Mrs. L. B. WOODARD, 285 Ballou Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

Hood's is Peculiar to Itself.

### PICKUPS AT RANDOM.

THAT twenty thousand dollars recommended by the legislative committee on appropriations for the shore boulevard will be quite a boost for the project. Although not as much as was desired by those who have been booming the road, still it is a sum that will go a considerable way, it judiciously put out. Everybody here is glad the boulevard is finding such encouragement among the legislators up the state.

There is a Boston and Maine conductor who is rather short in stature and of slight build. One day recently a passenger on his train took a paper from the news agent and tendered a two dollar bill. "Neway" couldn't change it, but told the customer that he would bring it later. After passing several stations, the newsboy had failed to show up with the money. The conductor came through the train and the passenger did not look up or take his nose out of his paper, so he mistook the official for the newsboy. "Here," he shouted, "where's my change for that two dollar bill?" "You didn't give me two dollars," replied the diminutive conductor. The passenger intimated in strong language that the other was mistaken, but glancing up, he read "Conductor" on his cap and then it was up to him to make an apology, which he did very humbly.

Do you chew gum? If you do, it will probably interest you (and may cause you considerable concern) to learn that the supply of spruce gum from the Maine woods is fast diminishing. The clean amber-tinted life blood of the black spruce is getting to be an expensive luxury. The city factories now are turning out large quantities of artificial gum, made from bitumen, pitch and paraffine and flavored with many beguiling essences.

Carrie Nation in her newspaper has a department called "Letters From Hall." Is the old lady faking, or has she scooped the New York Journal and secured a correspondent in Hades?

The Concord People and Patriots say: "The Portsmouth police department is to be equipped with a modern patrol wagon and an ambulance."

State news. Why, the ambulance is so old now that it has actually been ordered washed by a vote of the board of mayor and aldermen.

I hope we shall have a good amateur base ball team here this year. The city ought to be represented on the diamond, for there is plenty of talent here that might be merged into a smart organization, and make Dover, Newburyport and a few other neighboring cities hostile. It is time that the matter was taken in hand by some enterprising man with a true love for the great national game.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

### Tickets for 'Way Down East' went on sale this morning. This is the same production that was given at the Tremont theatre, Boston.

### NAVAL VESSELS' MOVEMENTS.

The training ship Adams has arrived at San Francisco, the training ship Mohican at San Diego, the collier Hannibal at Lambert's Point, and the training ship Lancaster at Boston. The collier Nanshan has sailed from Woonung for Hongkong. The collier Ajax (formerly the Seinda) has been ordered out of commission at Norfolk. The collier Brutus, now on the Asiatic station, has been ordered to the United States.

The North Atlantic squadron will leave Pensacola for Culebra island, near Porto Rico, on March 19 for a series of tactical drills and target practice. The battleship Kearsarge will go with the squadron to Culebra island and some time next month will proceed to New York to have one of her 13-inch guns removed and another substituted. This gun was injured by the premature explosion of a shell in the breach.

### DIED.

WINGATE. At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred L. Wood, 1014 1/2 street, Mrs. Nancy D. Wingate, aged 78 years. Rochester, N. H.; papers please copy.

### SPORTING NOTES.

An alliance has been formed between the National Cycling association and the Amateur Athletic union.

The Portland roller polo team has defeated all the Massachusetts league teams it has played, with the single exception of Salem.

A comparison between Boston's two professional base ball teams, published in the Post of that city, is distinctly favorable to the American League aggregation.

A list of candidates for the Dartmouth base ball team the coming season has been published, and shows that seven of last year's players are available for the coming season.

The Brewster academy basket ball team of Wolfboro, which has defeated the Rochester Y. M. C. A. and other fast teams, will be a hard nut for the Woods Brothers to crack.

Local pool enthusiasts have seen some of the best exponents of the game in the country this winter. DeOro, Stubbs, Clearwater, Steff, and the "St. Louis Kid," have all been visitors to this city.

York people will have an opportunity to see a clean, fast and exciting game of basket ball, Monday evening, March 25, when the Delapoon and Wattawamat teams visit their town. Both teams will exert themselves to give the York people a first class exposition of the game.

### WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

A Bunch of Keys, this evening. This will be a notable week at Music Hall.

Way Down East, Wednesday evening.

Frank Monroe, who has been playing Uncle Billy with James A. Herne in Sag Harbor, is very ill with pneumonia at his home in Somerville, Mass.

The Partellos will close on July 13, a season of forty-eight weeks as a special vaudeville feature with the Bennett and Monton Co., and have been re-engaged for next season, opening Aug. 29, for their third season with this company.

Mrs. Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, has been engaged by Walter L. Main for his new circus, at least so say some worthy western papers. She might be useful in striking tents or in discouraging any objectionable lemonade privilege.

George H. Broadhurst has decided to turn his latest farce, The House that Jack Built, into a musical comedy. It is now in course of reconstruction and will be sent on the road next season, with a well-known singing comedian in the leading role, a male quartet and a female chorus.

A new comedy-drama, entitled Pennsylvania, based upon the law in regard to lands in the state, will be put on tour in the Fall by Manager C. E. Callahan. Pennsylvania is the joint effort of Daniel L. Hart, author of The Parish Priest, and of C. E. Callahan, author of A Romance of Coon Hollow, and represents the best work of both writers. It will be produced with special scenery and printing.

Miss Chrystal Herne, daughter of James A. Herne, will next season impersonate Glory Quayle in The Christian company, in which Edward J. Morgan is to be featured. Miss Herne is now playing with her father in Sag Harbor, impersonating Jane Caldwell. Miss Herne will be the first actress, other than Miss Viola Allen, to be seen as Glory Quayle in the larger cities of the country.

White Roses, the curtain raiser which ran through a season at the New York Lyceum, was the first dramatic work of Lottie Blair Baker, whose second effort, elaborated by Joseph Grinzer, is the Way Down East with which theatre-goers are so familiar.

There was no police court this forenoon, the Sabbath having been of the most remarkable quietness.

### Tell Your Friends

ABOUT

### The Herald's Great Offer

—OF—

### A Free Trip

—TO THE—

### Pan-American Exposition















U. S. MARINE HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW ENGLAND  
SHEER TO GO FOR A LITTLE  
UTTER'S  
SEA VIEW  
HARPTON BEACH.  
Where you get the famous  
FISH DINNERS.  
Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.  
JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

The Famous  
HOTEL WHITTIER,  
Open the Entire Year.  
Favorite stopping place for  
Portsmouth people.  
If you are on a pleasure drive you  
cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whit-  
tiera.  
OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.  
BOSTON & MAINE R. R.  
EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8.  
Trains Leave Portsmouth  
For Boston, 3:40, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m.,  
2:21, 5:00, 7:28 p. m. Sunday, 3:50,  
8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00 p. m.  
For Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 8:50,  
9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m.,  
8:50 p. m.  
For Wells Beach, 9:15 a. m., 2:40, 5:22 p. m.  
Sunday, 8:30 a. m.  
For Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55 a. m.,  
2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.,  
North Conway, 9:55 a. m., 2:45 p. m.  
For Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m.,  
2:40, 9:45, 5:30 p. m.  
For Rochester, 9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45,  
5:22, 5:30 p. m.  
For Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:20, 2:40,  
5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m.,  
8:50 p. m.  
For North Hampton and Hampton, 7:20,  
8:15, 10:53 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sunday,  
8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.  
Trains for Portsmouth  
Leave Boston, 7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m.,  
12:30, 3:40, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45 p. m. Sun-  
day, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00 p. m.  
Leave Portland, 2:00, 9:00, 9:05, a. m.,  
6:00 p. m. Sunday, 2:00 a. m., 12:45 p. m.  
Leave North Conway, 7:25 a. m., 4:15 p. m.  
Leave Rochester, 7:10, 9:47 a. m., 3:50,  
6:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.  
Leave Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:40 a. m.,  
4:05, 6:39 p. m.  
Leave Dover, 6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:30,  
6:30, 9:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:30 a. m.,  
9:25 p. m.  
Leave Hampton, 9:22, 11:53 a. m., 2:13,  
4:59, 6:16 p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:02 a. m.,  
8:09 p. m.  
Leave North Hampton, 9:48, 11:59 a. m.,  
2:19, 5:05, 6:21 p. m. Sunday, 6:30,  
10:12 a. m., 8:15 p. m.  
Leave Greenland, 9:35 a. m., 12:35, 2:25,  
5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18  
a. m., 8:20 p. m.  
SOUTHERN DIVISION  
PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.  
Trains leave the following stations for  
Manchester, Concord and interme-  
diate stations:  
Portsmouth, 9:30 a. m., 12:45, 5:25 p. m.  
Greenland Village, 8:39 a. m., 12:54, 5:33  
p. m.  
Rockingham Junction, 9:06 a. m., 1:07,  
5:58 p. m.  
Epping, 9:22 a. m., 1:21, 6:14 p. m.  
Raymond, 9:32 a. m., 1:32, 6:25 p. m.  
Returning leave  
Concord, 7:45, 10:26 a. m., 3:30 p. m.  
Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m., 4:30 p. m.  
Raymond, 9:10, 11:48 a. m., 5:02 p. m.  
Epping, 9:32 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17,  
5:53 p. m.  
Greenland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:20, 6:09  
p. m.  
Train connect at Rockingham Junction  
for Epping, Haverhill, Lawrence  
and Boston. Train connect at Man-  
chester and Concord for Plymouth,  
Woodville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury,  
Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.  
Information given, through tick-  
ets sold and baggage checked to all  
points at the station.  
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

8. RAY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.  
MINI BUSINESS  
Leaves Saver Yard - 8:24, 8:40, 9:15,  
10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:35, 2:00, 3:00,  
4:00, 5:00, 6:45, 7:15 p. m. Sunday  
10:00, 10:15 a. m., 12:15, 1:35 p. m.  
Returns 9:30, 10:10 a. m.  
Leaves Portsmouth, 8:30, 8:50, 9:00  
10:15, 11:10 a. m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30,  
4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sunday,  
10:07, a. m., 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m.,  
10:15, 10:30, 11:00 a. m., 12:00 m.  
\*Weekdays and Saturdays

THINGS IN THE LADRONES.  
Queer Food and Other Natural Prod-  
ucts of the Islands.  
The queer things in the Ladrones in-  
clude a tree the fruit of which is so ob-  
noxious to the nostrils that a man cannot  
"keep his stomach" and smell it. But  
once past the nose it is so delicious that  
he will eat until too full to walk. This  
fruit ripens once a month and is plentiful.  
A nut which can be eaten shell and all  
is another queer product. The shell is  
brittle like a cracker, sweet and good.  
The inside has a kernel which can only be  
bitten when the fruit is fresh.  
Another fruit is so rare that it is used  
as a coin.  
A very queer mineral product is a stone  
which changes color in the atmosphere.  
Cold days it is black, hot days it is bright  
red, when rain threatens it is pinkish, and  
in cloudy weather it is blue. This stone  
lives on the highways, and the pedestrian  
can forecast his own weather.  
A great yellow flower which opens and  
closes to the sun at noon is another novel-  
ty. This flower takes only five minutes to  
open and shut. For one minute it is wide  
open, showing a white center with golden  
heart. It opens directly up to the sun and  
closes right with drooping head. It varies  
not one minute in the whole lifetime of  
the plant. On cloudy days it opens, but  
its petals point downward, for the stem does  
not rise as on sunny days. This flower  
acts as a clock to the natives. The do-  
mestic animal of the Ladrones is a small  
bird called a "laughing donkey." It  
laughs like a parrot, but its projections  
at the side of its head which give rise to  
the name. Another household pet is the  
Japanese poodle, which is very small  
and very curly haired. This dog catches  
its own fish in the lagoons and eats fruit  
from the guava tree.  
The man who owns a farm in the La-  
drones is a rich man, for he can support  
life without labor. Breadfruit trees grow  
wild and with the coconuts are the staple  
trees of the island. A grove of breadfruit  
trees to a Ladronese is what a herd of  
western cattle is to a ranchman. Fruit  
grows all the year round, and every qual-  
ity of queer edible tropical fruit is found  
there.  
A very valuable possession is the palm  
grove, which extends in a belt all across  
the islands. This grove consists of palm  
trees which rise side by side so close to-  
gether that you can hardly, except for the  
slenderest of the trunks of the trees, pene-  
trate into the depths of the grove. They  
grow vegetable ivory, which in com-  
merce is as good as the elephant tusk.  
This ivory can be used in all cases that do  
not call for great durability, and for or-  
naments it cannot be surpassed.—Rich-  
mond Times.

MARDI GRAS BALLS OF YORE.  
Slaves Bearing Lanterns Led the El-  
egant Creoles to the Dance.  
"The Mardi Gras balls in the early days  
were held in the first New Orleans Opera  
House, and since then in the present one,  
which today is historic," writes Harrydele  
Hallmark in "The Ladies' Home Journal."  
The social life of New Orleans. "Then  
as now, the floor of the Opera House was  
given over to the dancers. The refresh-  
ments consisted of orange flower sirup  
mixed with water and sugar and served  
with homemade cake. All the ladies  
came over with them from their homes.  
They could not ride because the streets  
were so narrow and the gutters so wide  
that a carriage would probably have broken  
down.  
"On such evenings in the old days the  
town was given over to the laughing  
groups of stately gowned women who had  
brought from France the latest fashions  
and who kept Mme. Sophie for their dress-  
maker. In front of each group of splen-  
didly gowned women were African slaves  
holding lanterns by whose dim light the  
merry groups found their way. Behind  
the slaves came the women slaves, bearing  
the satin slippers of their mistresses in  
their hands.  
"If the weather were too inclement for  
the carriage to pass through the streets in  
this manner, a postilion of the ball was  
cried through the streets to the sound  
of beating drum, and the ladies who sat  
on the upper balconies chatted with the  
crier. It was understood that the crier  
would take place on the next line evening.  
As for the street passengers, there was  
none. Men and women laughed and chat-  
ted in the narrow streets and pelted each  
other with paper balls. It was revelry  
without system from a pure love of gay-  
ety."

Summer and Felton.  
In the days of their great intimacy a  
certain grotesqueness of taste in Summer  
made him the object of some good natured  
banter on the part of the other "Mutuals."  
Mrs. Maria Julia Ward Howe in "The Be-  
lantic." It was related that on a certain  
Fourth of July he had given his office boy,  
Ben, a small gratuity and had advised him  
to pass the day at Mount Auburn, where  
he would be able to enjoy quiet and profit-  
able meditation.  
Felton was especially merry over this  
incident, but he in turn furnished occasion  
for laughter when on a visit to New York  
in company with the same friends. A  
manservant whom they had brought with  
them was ordered to carry Felton's valise  
to the Astor House. This was before the  
days of the baggage express. The man  
placed it late in the day, breathless with  
fatigue, and when questioned replied,  
"Faith, I went to all the oyster houses in  
Broadway before I could find you."

A Turk Who Wanted to Know.  
He was a very wealthy landlord and a  
descendant of the old sultans of Marash  
and Albitan. He would ask us every  
question under the sun—from the history  
of the royal family to the views of the  
English on matrimony; whether England  
is smaller than London, and which be-  
longed to France; how much bigger the  
Turkish fleet was than the combined  
armaments of England, France and Rus-  
sia, and what was the fashionable costume  
at home. We drew elaborate maps of the  
world for his benefit on paper 6 inches by  
8 inches and the most artistic and faithful  
portraits of all the great sultans and han-  
sums came. And I think I may say with  
perfect confidence that, after gravely dis-  
cussing our statements with his servants  
and neighbors, he disbelieved them all  
with perfect impartiality.—Notes From  
a Diary in Asiatic Turkey.

THIS IDEA OF TIME.  
"Don't wish for the time to fly so fast," says  
a girl. "Why, it isn't any-  
thing. Your mother and me with sweethearts  
under the blossoms of May—  
since we stood out there by the garden gate as  
happy as hearts could be!  
An I should have just like we fool 'em all—into  
keeping the hour, for me!"  
"Don't wish for the time to fly so fast," says  
a girl. "Why, it isn't any-  
thing. Your mother and me with sweethearts  
under the blossoms of May—  
since we stood out there by the garden gate as  
happy as hearts could be!  
An I should have just like we fool 'em all—into  
keeping the hour, for me!"  
"Don't wish for the time to fly so fast—'t's fast  
enough, God knows!  
Like a drop of dew on the daisy it shines in  
the light an' goes.  
Life's like a dream that passes away with  
the evenin' light—  
We only say 'Good mornin' 'fore it's time to  
say 'Good night!'"  
—Atlantic Constitution.

TEETH IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL.  
What a Visitor Learned—The Prin-  
cipal is Wiser Too.  
The visitor was being conducted through  
the large public school building by its  
proud woman principal. His introduction  
to a class was something like this:  
"Oh, see all the little girls! Busy chil-  
dren? Happy? Now, why do you con-  
sider school? Truly, you don't like it?" A  
little giggle was the affirmative answer.  
"Now, children, I think you said you  
had little pieces to say. What little girl  
will say a piece?"  
Forty hands were up at once, and ter-  
more a little later.  
"That little girl."  
A 7-year-old in checked pinafore rose  
and, making a little bow, which made her  
two golden pigtails fly around amazingly,  
began "Here we have a little busy bee im-  
proving each thing he does."  
And the next little girl slipped in the  
same way about the acorn, and another  
about the field daisy and the butterfly.  
"My children, you all slip," suggested  
the principal.  
"Yeth, na'am," said one, "thath be-  
cause we hethen all our teeth." And a  
finger pointed to the place where two front  
ones ought to be.  
"Oh!" said the principal. "How many  
little girls have lost teeth—baby teeth?"  
Forty-two out of 50 children held up their  
hands. Only eight had all their teeth.  
"Now, why do the teeth give rise to  
asked the principal.  
"Soath to get big outh," was the an-  
swer.  
"How many kinds of teeth do you  
have?" asked the principal. All numbers  
were given.  
"Yes, three," said the principal. "What  
is the third kind?"  
"The kindth you keep in a glass," was  
the answer.—New York Commercial Ad-  
vertiser.

Fatal "Belts."  
A vivid illustration of the power of mere  
words over human beings is noted by a  
thoughtful French writer, Francisque  
Sarcey. He says that after the wreck of  
the steamship Bourgogne many passengers  
were found floating, drowned, with life  
preservers on. The life preservers were  
fastened upon the bodies, but were fasten-  
ed around the belts instead of under the  
arms, and the greater weight of the upper  
part of the body had tipped the head under  
water and the person was infallibly  
drowned.  
Now, the greater number of the persons  
so drowned were French, and the French  
word for a life preserver is "ceinture de  
sauvetage," or "life saving belt." This  
word "ceinture" suggests to the mind, in  
its moments of disorder and unreadiness  
such as a great catastrophe brings, the  
idea of putting on a belt, and as a belt is  
put around the waist and nowhere else  
the frightened person instinctively adjusts  
the life preserver close about the hips.  
The result is that as soon as the person so  
provided falls into the water his body tips  
over, with the heavier portion downward,  
and the head is plunged beneath the sur-  
face.  
The word "belt," therefore, the French  
writer insists, was the cause of the loss of  
many lives in the Bourgogne disaster.

Domestic Animals Bring Infection.  
Evidence that colds are infectious is fur-  
nished by what we observe among our do-  
mestic animals. Cats seem to be specially  
susceptible. Probably they often bring  
home from their nocturnal rambles those  
mysterious catarrhal attacks which so rap-  
idly run through the house. It is an old  
saying, "The cat is sneezing; we shall all  
have colds."  
Sheep, too, are liable. A whole flock  
may suffer and may show that curious  
eruption round the lips (herpes labialis)  
which we all know only too well as one of  
the most unpleasant accompaniments of a  
bad cold in the head.  
On the Australian sheep runs, when the  
shearing season comes round, the men  
who congregate at the sheds are frequen-  
tly smitten with an illness of a catarrhal  
nature, which rapidly takes hold of them  
and often affects some of the worst.  
Sometimes it becomes very serious and may  
even develop into a fatal pneumonia. To  
all appearance it is caught from the sheep  
—Spectator.

His Men's Revenge.  
She was one of the aggressive kind, and  
she undertook to elbow and push her way  
to the front of the crowd that was leaving  
the car.  
He was a mild mannered little fellow  
and did not seem to resent it at all when  
her elbow dug into him as she went by.  
Nevertheless he was a resourceful man,  
and he had his revenge.  
"I should not think," he said to his  
companion in a tone that could be heard  
by every one near, "that a woman whose  
gown showed a gaping pocket would be  
anxious for a position in front of the  
crowd."  
Of course his wife had put him up to it,  
but the aggressive woman did not know  
that, and three minutes later she was the  
last one off.—Chicago Post.

A Royal Disappointment.  
The Duke of Connaught is a rigid dis-  
ciplinarian even in his own home circle,  
and particularly is one of his great points.  
On one occasion he had arranged to attend  
a military entertainment with the duchess  
and his daughters. They were to start in  
the carriage at a certain time, but when  
their parents and the carriage were ready  
the young ladies had not finished dressing.  
The duke refused to wait, and as the  
duchess would not go without them he  
went off alone.  
There are persons who regard a book in  
the same way they do a fop. If it turns  
out well, they are entirely satisfied.—Bos-  
ton Transcript.  
Three out of every 185 English speaking  
people have red hair.

ON THE WRONG CLUE.  
He was—Ah! my poor fellow! Riddled with bullets and disabled in the  
war, I suppose?  
Comso—No; football in my college days.

THE ARISTOS  
Gold Mining Co.  
Owning Big Horn Mountain Tunnel and Veneta Vein, 200 acres sit-  
uated on the Western Slope of Pike's Peak, in the famous  
Cripple Creek Gold Mining District.  
THE SAFEST OFFER EVER MADE TO INVESTORS.  
100,000 Shares Preferred Stock at 25c. per Share.  
It is printed on each Certificate that subscribers to the above Preferred Shares will  
be entitled to receive in Dividends the full amount of money invested, before other Stock-  
holders receive any returns, signed by the President of the Company.  
This District Produced More Gold in 1900 than any other in the United States.  
The property consists of 30 by 30 feet, or 900 acres, of gold land. The mine has been  
worked. The feature of it is in the Veneta Vein, 50 to 75 feet in width, and in certain one  
of the strongest veins in this famous district. There are some 300 openings in this vein, the  
one from which a ton of gold from \$15 to \$100 per ton. The property is advantageously  
located for development by tunnel, which will make it possible to produce an enormous amount  
of ore daily, the quantity varying from 300 to 350 tons per day. The development by tunneling  
is the most economical and advantageous method of working this property.  
At a distance of 800 feet the TUNNEL will intersect the Veneta Vein at a depth of  
about 650 feet, and will also intersect several other veins. The TUNNEL will cut the  
Big Horn Mountain 2100 feet deep, and will give this company 2,000,000 tons of ore,  
worth \$20 per ton.  
The new railroad, now practically completed from Colorado Springs, called the Colorado  
Springs & Cripple Creek road, passes within 200 feet of this tunnel.  
According to this property is the Colorado Springs TUNNEL Company. In this property, at a  
depth of 400 feet, the Veneta Vein was cut. At this point the vein was fully 30 feet in width,  
and its value from \$20 to \$100 per ton.  
There are already in operation on mills and smelters sufficient to treat the output of this prop-  
erty, which gives at once cash returns.

Capital Stock \$1,000,000. Par Value \$1.00 per Share  
100,000 Shares Preferred Stock at 25c. per Share.  
In buying this Stock the purchaser owns a direct title in the Company's property. This  
Company offers you no watered stock, but a legitimate high-grade gold mining invest-  
ment in the Cripple Creek District.  
The above offer of Preferred Dividends is an assurance of early returns. After addi-  
tional machinery is erected, this property will be earning dividends almost equal to its  
Capital Stock.  
Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to  
THE ARISTOS GOLD MINING CO.,  
411 COOPER BUILDING, DENVER, CO. 10.  
WAY DOWN EAST  
A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION  
"WAY DOWN EAST IS A  
STRONG PRESENTATION  
OF MORAL TRUTH."  
"IT TEACHES THAT THERE CAN-  
NOT BE ONE LAW FOR THE MAN  
AND ANOTHER FOR THE WOMAN."  
"THE TONE OF THE PLAY IS PURE  
AND SWEET AND SHOWS HOW GOD-LIKE  
IS HUMANITY WHEN AT ITS BEST."  
"I SHOULD BE GLAD IF EVERY MEMBER OF MY CON-  
GREGATION MIGHT SEE THE PLAY AND LEARN  
ITS LESSON."  
"I AM A STRONGER MAN THAN I WAS BEFORE I SAW IT."  
REV. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

Bennett's New Yacht Speedy.  
London, March 16. Mr. James Gor-  
don Bennett's new steam yacht "Speedy,"  
designed by George L. Watson  
and built by W. Denny & Bros., has  
just completed her trials and is said to  
have given the greatest satisfaction to  
her owner, designer and builders. Over  
an 85 knot course on the Clyde the  
yacht showed a mean speed of  
10 1/2 knots and without forced draft  
10 1/4 knots. The yacht handles ad-  
mirably and has twin screws and 6,500  
horsepower.

Montreal Fire Fighter Killed.  
Montreal, March 16. (By wire.) Fire-  
man in the wholesale drug house of Le-  
cuyer, Miles & Co., opposite Notre Dame  
Cathedral, the roof forced out of the  
walls. One fireman was killed. The  
loss will be heavy.

He Accepted the Apology.  
A prominent New York lawyer is noted  
for his ready answers and skill in repartee.  
When a young practitioner he appeared  
before a pompous old judge who took  
offense at a remark the lawyer made criti-  
cizing his decision.  
"If you do not instantly apologize for  
that remark, Mr. Blank," said the judge,  
"I shall commit you for contempt of  
court."  
"Upon reflection, your honor," instantly  
replied Mr. Blank, "I find that your  
honor was right and I was wrong, as your  
honor always is."

Wrote the Telegram.  
"I don't think the telegram," Mr. Blank  
said, "that the fish is a fair fish."  
"I don't know," said the judge, "but  
any man to try the experiment."—Phila-  
delphia North American.

THE HOME OF STORMS.  
In the Winter Months a Terrible Sea  
Is Haunted Around Maine's Shores.  
The Gulf of Maine is a geographical di-  
vision not marked on average maps, for it  
is chiefly referred to in scientific treatises  
on the general subject of the tides. It is  
formed by the great curve of the American  
coast from Cape Hare, the eastern extremity  
of Newfoundland, westward and  
southward to Cape Cod and Nantucket.  
Into this curve, during a part of each year,  
a sea and air current sets periodically  
from the far north known as the Labrador  
current. It makes its way southward in  
the Gulf of Maine and enters the water  
even in summer as far as Nantucket sound.  
In the winter months when northerly  
winds prevail the terrible sea, hurried  
along by these rock-bound shores, and  
where rocks are wanting the sand is  
torn up and shifted, forming islands and  
new bars here and there, involving the  
shifting of myriads of tons in a single day  
that may mean destruction to the unwary  
or even to the most wary of navigators.  
Newfoundland and Nova Scotia reach  
well out into the track of these gales, and  
theoretically it would seem that their bold  
headlands might form something of a lee  
along the shores of Maine and down per-  
haps almost as far as Nahant. But in point  
of fact they seem to have little effect. Pos-  
sibly they are drawn out of their general  
direction, somewhat by the conformation  
of the shores, but at any rate when a north-  
easter is blowing there is very little shelter  
to be found except in the landlocked har-  
bors or behind the islands that are fortu-  
nately frequent in this exposed region.  
The government observers of ocean phe-  
nomena in the northeast of North Atlan-  
tic weather for the winter months, habitually  
predict gales of greater or less severity  
at intervals of about seven or eight days  
covering all this zone and extending  
southward as far as Hatteras, or perhaps  
even till they melt away into the gentle  
trade winds of the tropics.—Collier's Week-  
ly.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.  
And Bernard Shaw Rises to Explain  
What It Means.  
It was, I hold, manifestly ingenious of  
Mary. My own sense offers probably the  
best example of the advantages that Mary  
might have known had she abstained from  
her hideous and hateful carnivorous habits.  
There are certain questions on which  
I am, like most socialists, an extreme in-  
dividualist. I believe that only upon a  
capitalist regimen can good work be  
done.  
Had I, like Mary, taken a lamb, even a  
"little" lamb—although nothing but a  
cowardly, essentially rotten system of so-  
ciety could descend to this policy attempt  
at palliation—I could never have risen to  
the eminent places I now occupy. Vegetari-  
anism is the foundation of the finest  
intellectual triumphs.  
I wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession" on  
lentil soup, "You Never Can Tell" on  
beans, and "Candida" on potatoes, for,  
although as an Irishman I can pretend to  
patriotism neither for the country I have  
abandoned nor the country that has reaped  
the fruits of my pen, I retain the national love for the potato.  
To resume, the "Quintessence of  
Isidore" was written on cabbage and  
"The Perfect Wagnerite" (due in the  
course of a week or so and the most im-  
portant exposition of Wagner that will ever  
appear in any savory pie. And these are  
great works.  
Has Mary, I ask, done anything of the  
kind? I will wager that she has not. And  
why has she not? Because her intellect is  
dulled, her sight dimmed and rendered  
abnormal, her sympathy blunted, her logi-  
cal faculty hampered by this infernal lamb  
—Bernard Shaw in Academy.

Ostrich Eggs.  
Ostrich eggs are sold as curiosities, and  
they are sold also for museum collections.  
In the first case it may be that the great  
egg is emptied through a hole in the top  
and that the egg is then suspended by a  
wire or cord. Eggs sold for natural his-  
tory collections are commonly supplied  
with a small opening in the side, the egg,  
when placed upon its shell with the open-  
ing downward, appearing perfect and  
whole.  
Ostrich eggs are made into drinking  
cups. The egg is perhaps six inches in  
length by five inches in diameter, making  
a cup of considerable size. The top of the  
egg is cut off around down to about a  
quarter of its length, and the rim of the  
cup thus made is finished with an mounting  
of silver or gold. The cup is supported by  
a holder made of one of three metals, with  
the feet and the supported arms rising  
from the base up besides the egg, more  
or less elaborately wrought. Eggs thus  
mounted are used also for cigar holders.  
Ostrich eggs not mounted are sold for \$1  
each.—New York Sun.

Didn't Fish on Sunday.  
The late Rev. Myron W. Reed was fond  
of gun and rod and always took his sum-  
mer vacations in the woods. During one  
of these summer excursions in the woods the  
actor Joe Murphy and Mr. Reed met.  
They became chums within three days. On  
Friday Murphy was getting out his fish-  
ing tackle to try for trout. It was a beau-  
tiful day for fishing. Mr. Reed looked on  
and made no sign.  
"Why don't you get out your tackle?"  
asked the actor. "We'll never have a bet-  
ter day than this."  
"Oh," was the answer, "I thought I  
would go to church today."  
Not caring to fish alone, Murphy went  
with him. After a long walk through the  
woods they came to a little church in a  
clearing, and to Murphy's amazement, his  
companion, whom he had not suspected to  
be a clergyman, stepped into the pulpit  
and preached the sermon.—New York  
Tribune.

Blessing the Animals in Mexico.  
One of the most picturesque customs in  
Mexico is that of blessing animals, called  
the blessings of San Antonio. The poor  
class take their domestic animals of all  
kinds, dogs, cats, parrots, sheep, horses,  
burros, etc., to be sprinkled with holy  
water and to receive through the priest  
St. Anthony's blessing. It is the custom  
of the country to clean and bathe their  
domestic animals, specially for this blessing.  
Dogs are easily decorated with ribbons  
around their necks. Sheep are washed  
thoroughly under their fleeces as white as  
snow and then taken to the father to be  
blessed. The backs of the parents are adorned  
with garlands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Righted Himself.  
Young Candid! at the amateur theatre-  
—Did you ever hear such horribly dis-  
cordant, ear-splitting—  
Old Prospector—Sir! That's my eldest  
daughter, and—  
Young Candid!—I repeat, sir, such ear-  
splitting clatter as the idiots behind us  
are making! Why, I can't hear a word of  
the song.—Boston Globe.

A CITY HEWN IN SALT.  
WONDROUS SIGHTS IN THE FAMOUS  
WIELICZKA MINES.  
A Magnificent Ballroom, Chapels and  
Shrine and a Giant Chamber With  
a Natural Chandelier—Lakes of  
Deathlike Silence.  
It would take at least three weeks to  
visit every portion of the marvelous salt  
city of Wieliczka, the center of the salt in-  
dustry of Polish Austria. Men have  
worked in its hollows for centuries, hav-  
ing it as a legacy to posterity. Horses  
have been brought to life and died there  
without seeing the light of day. It is sil-  
ent and dark, except when the voices of  
people echo through its countless tortuous  
halls and the candle or the glow of the  
roman light discovers its massive  
and glittering wonders. It is a city hewn  
in salt.  
The mines are under the direct control  
of the Austro-Hungarian minister of  
finance. Here the wonders spoken about  
may be seen as they have been seen by  
people for nearly 1,000 years. During  
that time the skilled hand of the laborer  
in the Wieliczka salt mines has been at  
work turning the depths of darkness into  
a realm of beauty. It has created ball-  
rooms, chapels, altars, statues, restau-  
rants, railways, chandeliers, staircases,  
pillars and thrones in the bowels of the  
earth, and the grandeur of these has ex-  
cited the admiration of the world. The  
mines date back to 1014 and now have a  
length of over 2 1/2 miles.  
Almost blinded by darkness and fright-  
ened by the eerie echo of his own foot-  
steps, the visitor first enters some colossal  
chamber hollowed out by the laborer in  
the ordinary course of mining after a plan  
hewn down by some master mind. He al-  
most loses himself in the expanse of the  
latter ballroom, which, with its mural  
decorations, illuminated galleries, stair-  
ways and shining chandeliers, is indeed  
a fit and welcome chamber for lovers of  
the dance. In its history, which dates  
back to 1750, when it was dedicated to  
St. John, the chief of the mines, at that  
time, it has witnessed many remarkable  
gatherings. These have taken place on  
royal visits or for the entertainment of  
distinguished guests. One end of the  
room is adorned with a colossal Austrian  
eagle and with transparencies painted on  
shells of salt. In an alcove at the other  
end of the room stands a throne of great  
crystals, of which flash a green and  
ruby red. It is on this that the emperor  
sits when he comes to the mines.  
From the scene of gaiety and splendor  
it is but a step to the home of solitude  
and prayer. Here, off one of the main  
passages, is the noted St. Anthony's chapel,  
the most beautiful of the mines, its devo-  
tion since it was built in 1765. The vestibule  
to this chapel contains a symmetrical  
arcade, with figures at the sides. The  
interior is beautified by an altar showing  
the crucifixion, and on the steps of the  
altar are the forms of two kneeling monks.  
On the sides of the chapel are seen  
small altars and statues of saints. Many  
times each year the priests of the district  
perform their pious duties in this simple  
chapel.  
It is not at all strange that the religious  
feeling of olden times should be reflected  
in the chambers and passages through  
which we are now in imagination guided  
by St. Anthony's chapel, the torch of  
the guide illuminates a magnificent  
shrine and arkway down in one of the  
passages. Again, as we move along, we  
see figures of saints in attitude of prayer  
and a few minor rooms which we pass  
hurriedly through bear the names of mar-  
tyrs. The queen's chapel, with its mag-  
nificent altar, carved with expert skill in  
solid salt, contains on one of its sides a  
view of Bethlehem. As we turn from it  
the beautiful chandelier in the chapel  
catches our eye and makes us marvel that  
such a delicate conception with so many  
pendant chains of white should have so  
long retained the wear and tear of time.  
When illuminated, as it often is, the chan-  
delier, with its myriad lights, is indeed  
beautiful to see.  
The descent from the first to the second  
story is made on a long series of steps of  
solid salt. At the foot of this remarkable  
staircase the lightest is furnished by a  
brilliant light. The giant chamber  
"Michael's" lies before him—vast, fear-  
some and stupendous—finished in 1761,  
after 40 years of daily labor. It measures  
50 feet long, 95 feet broad and 118 feet  
high, the roof being supported by a wood-  
en framework to avoid disaster. In the  
interior a single chandelier of 300 lights  
glows brilliantly, and the rugged sides of  
this imposing room. When musicians  
play here, the volume of sound rolls and  
reverberates with deafening effect against  
the solid confines of the chamber, and,  
rushing upward, bursts with mighty pow-  
er against the vaulted dome.

The third floor of this marvelous mine  
contains the railway station and restau-  
rant, attracting the visitor by its long vista  
of brilliant galleries and ponderous pillars  
and its prompt refreshment after a long  
and weary tramp on unyielding floors;  
for here at this railway station, where the  
30 miles of railways from all parts of the  
mine join, a tempting buffet exists for the  
summer through, and is well patronized  
by the thousands who come from Austria,  
Russia and Germany to view the wonders  
of salt.  
The mine is indeed full of many mar-  
vels, but the most marvelous of all—at  
least the one which makes the mine im-  
pression on the visitors—is the subter-  
ranean lake, lying 790 feet below the sur-  
face of the earth. The waters on the lake  
are dark, thick and heavy, and as the boat  
glides over its face the sparkling waters  
roll up against the sides of the grotto with  
a ghostlike swirl. A ponderous solitude  
overweighs all. The Styx alone of all  
the deathlike streams in legend could  
rival this in stillness. The boat is guided  
through the Strophane and Hydral grottoes  
by ropes running on pulleys along the  
sides of the boat. There are 16 of these  
lakes in different parts of the mine, but  
this is the only one upon which visitors  
are allowed to go. The trip across and  
back takes is about 15 minutes, as the boat  
moves slowly through the sluggish brine.  
A gun shot off in the middle of the lake  
makes a long and lingering echo and the  
voice of the batman, as he calls out that  
all is ready, seems like the voice of a giant  
from the depths of chaos.  
The lower stories of the mine are occu-  
pied by over a thousand miners, who  
work eight hours a day each, making  
in the course of a year to produce 65,000  
tons of salt. They toil patiently, cutting  
their way through the solid salt, leaving  
in their passages heavily covered with a  
fine sparkling brine.—Strand Magazine.

No Exceptions.  
He—What a perfect fool I've been!  
She—My dear, don't be so conceited; no  
one is perfect.—Boston Journal.



